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DESIGNERS' ATELIERS IN PARIS.

THERE is hardly a phase of Paris-life—social, political, industrial, artistic, fashionable, or gastronomic—which is not familiar to general readers. All its picturesque cluster of social grades, from the faded régime that lingers in the Faubourg St Germain, to the chiffonnier population that studs the sloping pavement of the Mont Ste. Geneviève, have been sketched, caricatured, and moralised upon, in every possible aspect. Events, some of them gloomy, some pleasant, have familiarised that class of slippered and fireside travellers, who, as Cowper says, 'run the great circle, and are still at home,' with most of the celebrated spots and edifices of this beautiful city. Notre Dame and the Madeline are as well known to most of them as the cathedrals of Lincoln and Durham, or as the streets and squares of the nearest county town. The double belt of Boulevards, the Champs Elysée—with palaces and the noblest square in Europe at one end, crowned at the other with the Arc de Triomphe and 'Gate of the Star'—create no stranger feeling than connects itself with the mention of Rotten Row or the green slopes of Kensington. Amongst numerous word-photographs, however, of the different industrial classes of Paris, we do not remember to have seen any detailed reference to the designers for textile fabrics—a class of workmen-artists who help very materially to sustain the reputation of this city in all that relates to taste, novelty, and fashion. Under the present imperial sway, graced by a lady whose beauty loses nothing in comparison with that of a Josephine or Marie Antoinette, Paris does not seem likely to resign its long-standing privilege as the dispenser of fashions. Paradoxical as it seems, amid all other changes, Paris, in its most changeable character, remains unchanged. The repeated storms of revolution that have cleared away dynasties and time-honoured institutions, have left untouched the subtle despotism—*le tyran des femmes et des fûts*—that yet dictates to every corner of civilised Europe the code of ribbons, patterns, feathers, and flounces. The same source from which, during the reign of Louis Quatorze, we were supplied with patches, periwigs, and poetry, still furnishes our manufacturers with designs, and our metropolitan theatres with farces. Sceptres have been shivered and thrones shattered, but the wand of fashion's 'fickle queen' is as potent as ever, most honoured when most capricious, most venerated when most ridiculous. There she continues to sit in undisputed honour, 'with quips and cranks and wreathed smiles;' fearless of powers either monarchical, republican, or imperial; with the fragments of countless and once-worshipped fancies scattered at

her feet, thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks of Vallombrosa.

Few better illustrations can be supplied of this state of things than those to which we are about to refer. The Parisian establishments for industrial design—those at least in connection with the printing of textile fabrics—are principally supported by their transactions with English manufacturers. After all the encouragement which has been given to the introduction and establishment of schools of design in our country, with a view to raising up a superior class of native workmen, English printers continue dependent upon foreign skill, and the trade in France for the exportation of Parisian designs is manifestly flourishing and increasing. Several new ateliers have sprung up very recently, chiefly dependent upon that miracle-working agency, British capital. The continuance of such a system is, of course, variously accounted for; some asserting that our art-education, as applied to manufactures, has not yet had time to display its results; others, that the too direct and meddlesome interference of the potentates of Marlborough House with trade interests, has tended to retard the bud it should have more gently helped into flower; whilst another party of tolerably resigned temperament, accepts the fact of our obligations to French taste and invention as neither disenobling nor humiliating, inasmuch as it is supposed to represent a feature of that mutual national dependence which knits together the different parts of modern civilisation.

Be this as it may, the birds of passage are not more punctual in their migrations than English and Scotch printers in their perennial pilgrimages to the shrine of fashion. The agreeable relaxation from the dull routine of commercial life which such a custom affords, thus combining both pleasure and profit, contributes no doubt to its perpetuation. As the spring or autumnal season approaches, a few of the bolder and more adventurous leaders of the trade give the first signals of departure; the reward of whose more forward and speculative spirit consists in catching the budding novelty—the 'feeling' of the season—in all its virgin freshness, ere it has become multiplied in a thousand inferior ways, and whilst it possesses all the nascent bloom and attractiveness which belongs to an unhackneyed fashion. In the wake of these, come the timid and numerous progeny that exist and flourish upon the second-hand and half-exhausted fancies of the more courageous magnates of the market; and yet, wonderful indeed is the extent to which the individuals of this class push their claims to all the honours and merits of invention and originality. But the most pitiful era in the onward and downward history of the

characteristic ideas of any particular season, is when they fall into the hands of the 'low-priced men' and 'jobbers.' These men are content to possess themselves in patience at home, till web and woof, and block and cylinder, have brought the hard-won novelty—upon the original production of which so much wit and money have been expended—into the form of merchandise, already started upon its long journey to remote quarters of the globe. Then commences their unenviable, though often money-making vocation. Pitiably are the transformations which many good things are destined to undergo when they reach such ruthless hands! The eagerness of these individuals to popularise and cheapen the ideas and labours of others, is as amazing as it is unconscientious. If some aspiring 'high-art' printer were to bring out the cartoons of Raphael at 6d. per yard, we have not the least doubt that one or more of this forward race would rest neither day nor night till they had transferred the designs to inferior cloth, and 'put you them in' at 3d. Some slight alteration of course would be made, sufficient to escape the mere letter of the law, and render the genius of the 'great master' still more questionable than has been already done by the criticisms of Ruskin. With this brief tribute to such merits, *revenons à nos moutons*.

Several of the leading design-ateliers in Paris consist of from forty to fifty workmen, though they generally dwindle down to about half the number during the *morte saisons*. These occur towards the end of the two annual seasons, after the demand for the light or dark styles has been nearly exhausted. To those designers who are in employment, the *morte saison* is frequently a time of wearisome attempts at creating, anticipating, and guessing the taste of the next busy period. No farmer feels greater anxiety at the approach of seed-time or harvest—no philosopher is more bewildered in attempting to predict from the 'signs of the times'—no premier is more 'at sea' during a recess, than these caterers to novelty when the fashions are in a kind of transitional or chrysaline stage. There is more order and sequence, however, in the successions of the styles associated with textile fabrics, than some grave people imagine: of this philosophy, the French designers are remarkably cognizant; though the practical application of it during such times as those we have referred to, is attended with an unknown degree of uncertainty and embarrassment.

The hours of labour to which these workmen are accustomed are somewhat long, considering the artistic and sedentary character of their occupations, which may very fairly be said to be of those

Which waste the marrow and consume the brain.

In this respect, they are much less favoured than the designers employed in the print firms of Manchester and Glasgow. The ordinary hours of the French designers, in such establishments as are under our notice—very few of this class in Paris being in the exclusive employ of the printers—are from seven a.m. to six p.m.; though very often, when crowds of English customers are in Paris, waiting to return home with the products of Parisian skill, these workmen toil on, hand and brain, for weeks together, till late every night, and, under such circumstances, generally over a portion of the Sunday. Their intensity and capacity for close application, would be thought incredible by those who only know the French as they have seen them strolling along the Boulevard des Italiens or the Champs Elysée; who measure their endurance by the patience and good-manners they display in waiting at the doors of a theatre, or the untiring energy they devote to the mad frolics of a *bal masqué* at the Opéra Comique.

We have seen a great amount of exaggeration and misstatement respecting the remuneration of French designers. Since manufacturers, instead of employing a staff of designers, each according to his requirements,

have begun to depend upon large ateliers for their supply of designs, the rate of wages has gradually sunk. A *chef d'atelier* may occasionally receive six or seven thousand francs per annum, though an ordinary workman would consider himself handsomely remunerated at half such a sum.

The facilities which Paris offers to the attainment of varied excellence in design, and the temptations it offers in so many other respects, help to give a very motley aspect to the groups that compose these workshops. In the national, provincial, and individual varieties of which they are made up, they present faithful epitomes of the similarly diversified world of Paris itself. The principal supply of workmen is from the city and surrounding district of Mülhausen, in Upper Alsace, where the printing of textile fabrics—excluding silks—is carried on to a greater extent and to greater perfection than in any other part of France. Here they become acquainted with the practical operations and executive conditions of their art, a thorough knowledge of which is as necessary to the industrial designer as artistic excellence and taste. Though exceedingly skilful in all that directly relates to their business, these Alsacians are not remarkable either for intelligence or refinement. Situated on the borders of two great empires, and ceded to France only near the commencement of the present century, Alsace possesses neither the nationality nor the language of either its former or present rulers. Its inhabitants speak a German that would be as useless as Greek to a Berliner, and a French that is a sore riddle to Parisians. Switzerland also supplies its quota to these ateliers, of whom we may just as well observe, that they generally seem to manifest a much heartier love of the 'beauties of nature' which are to be found within the Parisian frontier, than ever they entertained for the lakes and mountains of their native land. Besides these, there are a few Frenchmen from different provinces, a sprinkling of Germans, Dutch, Flemings, seldom more than one or two Parisians, and perhaps a solitary Englishman. After this general introduction, we may set the reader at once in the midst of one of these singularly miscellaneous laboratories of design.

There is a young fellow in a colour-besmeared blouse, and a pointed imperial and beard—indicative, we suppose, of a certain political school—angrily defending some suspected policy of Girardin against the insinuations of an opposite party; and yet, amid argument and sarcasm, the rich and elaborate cashmere upon which he is engaged keeps growing more finished and beautiful; colour after colour, and form after form, are being swiftly dashed in, as though there were some latent sympathy between the progressing design and the articles of the 'thunderer' of *La Presse*. Another, busy with the delicate hues and gracefully trailing forms of a composition for muslin, is at the same time relating some mad freak of the previous night at a cheap masquerade; and yet, here again, the work both of speakers and listeners goes gaily on. A group of more critical character are commenting upon the last drama of Ponsard, or the last attraction at the Variétés; undisturbed by the proximity of a few other shopmates, who, amidst mingled humming and whistling, are trying to make out some half-remembered air from *Il Trovatore*. Two or three, whose plegmatic aspects betray their nationality, are indulging in odd vocal reminiscences of Vaderland; and, as though there should be some proof that fog-land as well as cloud-land is duly represented here, another workman who stammers out his French with a genuine British accent, is boldly denying the assertion of a hero-worshipping Parisian that Hudson Lowe had *empoisonné notre grand homme*. Working away in silence—almost the only one who is doing so—we note a middle-aged individual, of a rather saddened and thoughtful look.

His history is not a cheerful, though a common one. In his youth, he dreamed of becoming a great artist; later, spent many years at Rome, Florence, Venice; returned to France, failed in his endeavours, met poverty face to face, and here he is, perpetrating silly fancies for a Manchester calico-printer, instead of embodying immortal imaginations on canvas! Another characteristic personage ought scarcely to be passed over—an unshaven fellow in a coarse blue blouse, who is grinding away on a large glass slab at a mass of ultramarine, an operation which he considers settles his claim to be ranked with *messieurs les artistes*. In literal truth, however, he is simply *garçon* of the establishment, to the duties of which humble position he gratuitously adds those of chief jester. On gastronomic themes he is almost as eloquent as the writer of the celebrated essay on *Roast Pig*, to credit which, it is only necessary to hear him expatiate upon the flavour of some smoked ham, which he managed to convey to Mont Parnasse from the cellars of the royal palace, just after the 'citizen king' had taken *French leave*. Unpatriotic gourmand!

The foregoing sketch—true to facts so far as it extends—may afford some idea of the confused conflux of national and provincial peculiarities, sentiments, creeds, and opinions which frequently characterise the design-ateliers of Paris. The discordant *tapage* of dialects and jargons in which all this material seeks and finds utterance, is certainly more embarrassing than auxiliary to a novice in the French language. Fortunately, in this respect at least, the writer—who was a practical designer in one of these ateliers for a long period—sat next to a young Parisian. Here, at least, was some chance of getting to hear a little undeffiled French. But our *voisin*, though beardless, was deep in socialism; and would have babbled all day long in defence and explanation of phalansterianism, Fourierism, and other ingenious systems, had we not hinted to him now and then, as gently as possible, that he was a thorough 'bore.' Whether in silence, however, or noisy confusion—the latter seems to act as a stimulus rather than a hindrance—the varied kinds of design upon which these workmen are engaged are actively, steadily, and earnestly going on; novelties are being generated in swift succession; the tastes of civilised and uncivilised peoples, from the Seine to the Ganges, from St Petersburg to the Brazils, are being thoroughly and cleverly catered to. Nowhere do workmen go through their appointed labour with more cheerfulness and good-will, or with more ease and ready manipulative skill. The facility with which they pass from one class of tastes to another is really surprising. At one time they will dash off a design which, for gaudiness of colour and uncouthness of form, is precisely calculated to throw the veriest 'Villikins and his Dinah' into raptures; and then immediately proceed to the execution of another, in every respect so entirely the reverse, that the most fastidious British matron could take no exception to it.

It is not within our present purpose to enter into any detailed description of the work in which French designers are engaged, and in which they so undeniably excel; but a few observations upon the character of industrial design in general, as relating to one of the principal branches of our commercial enterprise, may not be uninteresting.

To make anything like a classification of the *styles* associated with designing for printed fabrics, would be a task from which a Linnaeus might shrink. We may count upon our finger-ends all the recognised 'orders' of architecture; but it would be a far more intricate task to number all the orders and dis-orders of modern garment-printing. Look patiently at a few of the displays of some of the principal drapery establishments in St Paul's Church-yard, or Oxford Street; and you will soon find that the home-trade patterns

and styles, for a single season only, are bewildering both in number and character. Twenty millions of pieces, it has been estimated, are printed annually in Great Britain; scarcely a fourth, however, of this vast quantity are required for home consumption. 'What a vast commercial supply!' some one may exclaim; 'what important applications of art and science! what a prodigious outlay both of money, wit, and labour, merely to cater to caprice!' And yet, the first mechanicians and chemists of England and the continent have been proud to contribute to the perfection of calico-printing. No branch of trade has availed itself to a more varied extent of the rapid progress of science. Many can easily remember when a pattern of two or three colours was printed slowly by hand, with wooden blocks, and sold at 3s. *per yard*; now, a pattern of a much more complicated character, and far more beautiful both in design and execution, is thrown off at the rate of a mile of calico in an hour, and sold at—3s. *per dress*! To return: different nations have tastes as widely differing from each other as their laws, creeds, or climate. An acquaintance with the history of the styles executed in a single Parisian atelier, would afford a very fair index of the stationary, progressive, or changing character of the countries for which they are intended. Most of those exported—that is, in the form of printed goods—to China, some parts of British India, South America, and many other remote quarters of the globe, have scarcely undergone any change or modification since the time when the ancestors of the present Sir Robert Peel conducted one of the first print-works introduced into North Lancashire. A new combination of forms or colours, or a new class of designs, would be as great a shock to the conservatism of the Chinese, as an attempt to prevail upon them to adopt household suffrage.

The most striking modifications and improvements in these respects, in connection with any of the places to which printed fabrics are exported, are to be found in the states and countries supplied through the Levantine market. The old yellow-ground and fantastic cashmere forms—far inferior to, though no doubt borrowed from the cashmeres of India—which not long ago constituted the only style patronised in this market, now hold company with many others of a totally different class—some of them such as are successful to a great extent in the English home-trade. The most complete manifestation, however, of these tendencies is to be found among the less passive nations of Western Europe and the Anglo-Saxon populations of North America. Here, society is undergoing continual transformations, submitting itself to new influences, casting off old tastes and preferences, or, rather, never allowing any to become old. Change is sought, novelty demanded, not because they always involve progression, but simply for their own sake. Fashion, indeed, is one of the truest characteristics of modern civilisation—an unquestionable result, though a questionable auxiliary. It acknowledges no authority itself, though it obtains unconditional allegiance. In the very heart and centre of the most refined and intelligent communities, it plays its least pardonable freaks, and passes from caprice to caprice with a most abandoned and unshackled disregard of the criticism to which it may be subjected. We will close this article by noticing one of the absurdities which it sanctioned in reference to printed fabrics, though instances far more striking, perhaps, might be brought forward from other departments over which fashion exercises an equally powerful influence.

Indeed, it would be a harder task than some lords of creation think, to tell where this influence is not exercised. We have a theory—a crotchet, if you will—not to be entered into at present, which inclines us to believe that fashion has about as much to do with the

last new novel from Mudie's, be it romance, history, poetry, criticism, or even metaphysics, as with the last new robe from Madame de —, though it be *le jupon à tube d'air*. To our story, however. A few seasons ago, a great novelty, or what was considered such, appeared in the French furniture and paper-hangings. It consisted in the introduction of landscape forms and effects, generally in large isolated masses, which, repeating along the piece at regular intervals, presented the appearance of so many islands—in fact, a complete archipelago. Without any consideration of its inappropriateness, and simply for the sake of a little novelty, this idea of 'gems of the sea' was applied to garments, under the fascinating title—in which matters the Parisians are thorough adepts—of *Les Isles d'Amour*. Dresses of every variety of material were to be seen dotted over with trees, lakes, valleys, and mountains, which—excepting of course the fair wearers—were pitifully unbewitching to behold. Sometimes the fancy of the designer led him to depict various little Arcadian scenes and hypothetical Edens, where there was no end of terraces, vases of flowers, shady recesses, leafy arches, fountains, *feu d'artifices*, and all the usual elegant prettinesses which complete the Parisian conception of a terrestrial paradise. The huddled, jostled, and broken appearance which such compositions presented when seen, not on a flat surface, but in the changing folds of a dress with two or three flounces, was more than a weak vision could long sustain without feeling as though terra firma was becoming unusually insecure. A little later on, this extravagance was brought to a close by a peroration, which, however it may claim to have been suggested by patriotic feelings, was an equal burlesque of taste. Shawls were selected as the medium of this grand finale. Over their broad surfaces—which undoubtedly admitted of a more comprehensible display—were scattered faithful delineations of various edifices, citadels, and strongholds of war, but more particularly of Russian fortresses. Of these latter, a facetious contemporary observed, that they were not only 'taken,' but 'walked off' with in a style that must vastly have humiliated our then brave defenders in the east. In justice, we ought to state that, except in paper-hangings, to which such applications were most suited, these ludicrous manifestations of taste were not transferred to this country.

THE GREAT MR WICKHAM.

AN intelligent French nobleman, who visited this country at the latter end of the seventeenth century, gives us the following interesting account of a most remarkable impostor, the details of whose achievements, it would appear, came under the narrator's own knowledge. His book of travels was translated into English, and published in 1719 (nearly thirty years subsequent to his sojourn among us); and this work is the more valuable, as a picture of the times, that the translator, John Ozell, also the translator of Rabelais, eulogises the fidelity of his descriptions in the warmest manner—saying: 'Whenever our author mentions things of fact, he doth it with wonderful exactness and knowledge of the truth,' &c.; so that the following extracts may not be considered devoid of interest.

The history is introduced *à propos* of funerals, some of the details respecting which are curious enough to be mentioned here:

There is, it seems, says the author, an act of parliament which ordains that the dead shall be bury'd in a woollen stuff, which they do call flannel, nor is it indeed lawful to use the least needlefull of thread or silk. [The intention of this act is for the encouragement of woollen manufacture.] The *shift* is always white. To make these is a particular trade, and there be many that

sell nothing else, so that these habits for the dead are always to be had ready made, of what size or price you please, for people of every age and sex. After they have wash'd the body clean and shaved it, they put it on the flannel-shift, which hath commonly sleeves purled at the wrists, and the slit down the breast done finely in the same manner. When that these ornaments are not of woollen lace, they are at least edged, and oftentimes embroidered with black thread. The shift should be a foot longer than the body, that the feet be wrapped in it as in a bag. When they have thus folded the end of this flannel shift, they tie the part that is folded down with a piece of woollen thread, as we do our stockings, so that the end of the garment is done into a kind of a tuft. Upon the head they put a woollen cap, which they fasten with a very broad chin bands; then gloves upon the hands, and a handsome cravat around the neck, and all of woollen. That the body may lie the softer, most do put a layer of bran of four inches thick at the bottom of the coffin. The women wear a peculiar head-dress, with a forehead cloth. The body being thus equipped, it is visited a second time by the authorities, to see that it be bury'd in flannel, and that nothing about it is sown with thread. They let it lay three or four days in this condition. They send the beadle with a list of such friends and relations as they have a mind to invite; and, indeed, the better sort do send printed tickets of invitation, which they leave at their houses. A little before the whole company is set in order for the march, they lay the body in the coffin, upon two stools, in a room, where all that please may go see it; then they do take off the top of the coffin, and remove from the face a little square bit of flannel. . . . The relations and chief mourners are in a chamber apart, with their most intimate friends, and the rest of the guests are dispersed in the several rooms about the house. When that they are ready to set out, they nail up the coffin, and a servant presents the company with sprigs of rosemary; every one takes a sprig, and bears it in his hand along the street, till the body is put into the grave, at which time they do all together throw their sprigs in after it.

Before they set out, and on their return, it is usual to give the guests drink, and much of red and white wine, boiled with sugar and cinnamon. Butler, the keeper of the Crown and Sceptre in St Martins Street, told me himself that there was a tun of red port drank at his wives burial, besides of mulled white wine. *Note.*—No men ever go to womens funerals, nor the women to mens; so that I find there were none but women at the drinking of Butler's wine. Indeed, such women in England will hold it out with the men, when they have a bottle before them, and also tattle infinitely better than they. . . . Then they return again in the same order that they came, and drink again before they go home. . . . It must be remembered that I always speak of middling people, among whom the customs of a people are most truly to be learned. . . . Among persons of quality, it is customary to embalm the body, and to expose it for more than a fortnight on a bed of state.

Many of the obsolete customs here detailed may be observed in Hogarth's *Harlot's Progress*, the last of the series, where the wretched woman in her coffin is about to be carried to her last resting-place. They are all women who are assembled, the coffin-lid is open, and the face exposed to view. They are drinking, and each has her sprig of rosemary in her hand; and the mortuary head-cloth, described as peculiar to women in the seventeenth century, may be observed on the forehead of Hogarth's corpse.

The article of funerals, proceeds our author, puts me in mind of that of the pretended Mr Wickham, who

dyed at London about six years ago, 1691, and whose history I must give you, by way of digression, believing that it cannot be unpleasant.

A good likely sort of rogue, that had been many years footman to a rich gentleman at Banbury, in Oxfordshire, call'd *Wickham*, came to London, and took him lodgings at a rich bakers over against Arundel Street in the Strand. He asked the baker what countryman he was, who straight reply'd from Banbury; and the rogue resolved to feign to be the great Mr Wickham, was mightily fond of the baker, calling him his countryman, and adding, that since he was of Banbury, he must needs know Mr Wickham. The baker, tho' he had been absent from Banbury fifteen or twenty years, was very glad to hear newes of it, and indeed perfectly overjoyed when he was told that the very man he was talking to was Mr Wickham himself. This produces great respect on the part of the baker, and new condescensions from the sham Wickham; nay, the family must be called up, that Mr Wickham might see them—ay! and they must drink a glass together, and smooke a pipe. The baker did not in the least doubt his having the great Mr Wickham for a lodger; and yet he could not but marvel to see him without a footman or portmantle, he therefore makes bold to ask him how a man of his estate came to be so unattended. The rogue, making of a sign to him to speak softly, told him that his servants were in a place where he could find them when he wanted them, but that at present he must be very careful of being known, because he came up to town to arrest a great merchant of London, who owed him much monies, and was just going to break; also, that he did desire to be incognito for feare that he should miss his stroke, and so indeed begged that the baker would not mention his name. Next day, he went abroad to take his measures with a comrade of his own stamp, and it was concluded that this latter should appear as Mr Wickham's servant, and come privily from time to time at night to attend upon his master. That very night he came; and the sham Wickham, looking at his own dirty neckcloth in the glass, was in a great rage at him for letting him be without money, linnen, or ought else by his negligence in not bearing of his box to the waggon in due time, which would cause a delay of more than three days. All this was said that the baker might hear it, who hereupon runs immediately to his drawers, and carries Mr Wickham the best linnen he had, begging him to honor him so much as to wear it, and at the same time lays down fifty guineas upon the table, that he might do him the favor to accept them also. He at first refused, but with much ado was prevailed upon.

As soon as he had got this money, he made up a livery of the same colours as the true Mr Wickham, gave it unto another pretended footman, and also brought a box of goods, as coming from the Banbury waggon. The honest baker, more satisfy'd than ever that he had to do with Mr Wickham, and consequently with one of the richest and noblest gentlemen in the kingdom, made it more and more his business to give him fresh marks of his respect and most zealous affection. To be short, Wickham made shift to milk him of one hundred and fifty guineas (besides the fifty) in a very few days, for which he gave him his note.

It was scarcely three weeks from the beginning of this adventure, all which time he had properly plundered the baker, and no doubt was preparing for some crowning villainy, when this rogue was lording it at a tavern, he was seized with a most serious illness. He got home to bed, where he was waited on by his pretended footman, and again assisted in everything by the good baker, who passed his word to the doctors, apothecaries, and to everybody else; indeed, he was visited by Dr Smith and Dr Lowther, two of the most eminent physicians in London.

Meanwhile, Wickham grew worse and worse, and about the fifth day he was given over.

Wickham heard the newes as tho' he had been the best Christian in the world, and fully prepared for death. He desired a minister might be sent for, and received the communion the same day. Never was there more piety, zeal, or confidence in the merits of Christ. Next day, the danger encreasing very much, the impostor told the baker, who was edified to tears at the condition of his noble friend, that it was not enough to take care of his soul, he ought also to set his worldly affairs in order, and so desired that he might make his will, while he was yet sound of mind. A scrivener, therefore, was immediately sent for, and his will made and signed in all the forms, and before several witnesses. Wickham by this disposed of all his estate, real and personal, jewells, coaches, teams, race-horses of such and such colours [all specified], packs of hounds, ready money, with his house, with all its appurtenances and dependencies to the baker; almost all his linnen to the wife; 500 guineas to the eldest son; 800 to the four daughters; 200 to the parson that had comforted him in his sickness; 200 to each of the doctors; and 100 to the apothecary; 50 guineas and mourning to each of his faithful footmen; 50 to embalm him; 50 for his coffin alone; 200 to hang the house with mourning, and to defray the rest of the charges of interment; 200 guineas for gloves, gold-rings, and scarves and hat-bands; and then such a diamond to such a friend, and such an emerald unto another. Nothing more noble—nothing more generous. All this done, Wickham called the baker to him, loaded him and all his family with benedictions, and presently after my gentleman falls into convulsions and dyes.

The baker at first thought of nothing but of burying him with all the pomp imaginable, according to the will, so he hung all the rooms in his house, the staircase, and the entry with mourning-cloth; he gave orders for the making the clothes, the coffin, the rings, &c.; he sent for the embalmer; in a word, he omitted nothing; and having drained his purse to the last, he was in turn forced to borrow to buy little necessities for this grand funeral.

Wickham was not to be buried till the fourth day after his death, and everything was, it seems, got ready by the second. The baker had now time to go seek for the lawyer the dead rogue had at the last referred him to, before he put him in the ground; so, after his having reverently put the body into a rich coffin, covered with velvet and huge plates of silver, which, indeed, all the town did afterward flock to see, he went to this lawyer, who was, in fact, really lawyer to the true Mr Wickham, and he was, indeed, strangely surprised to hear of the death of Mr Wickham, whom, it seems, he had heard of but the day before; but we may easily imagine that the poor baker was far more surprised when he found that in all likelihood he was bit. To conclude, the baker was ere long convinced that the true Mr Wickham was in perfect health, and that the rogue he had taken for him was the most clever consistent villain and compleat hypocrite that ever lived.

Upon this he immediately turned the body out of the rich coffin, which he sold for a third part of what it cost him. It might have fetched more if it had not been made scandalous by the body that had been enclosed in it. All the tradesmen that had been employed towards the burial had compassion on the baker; and, indeed, some took their things again, tho' not without great loss to him. He himself pulled off his fine mourning, and donned again his old mealy coat; and they dug at night a hole in Saint Clements Churchyard, where they did throw in the body with as little of ceremony as possible.

I was an eyewitness of most of the things which I have here related, and I shall leave the reader to make

his own reflections upon them; and I have since been assured, from several hands, that the baker hath since had his great losses pretty well made up to him by the generosity of the true Mr Wickham, for whose sake the honest baker had been so open-hearted.

This curious instance of the ruling passion strong in death is equalled in one of Marryat's novels; where a habitual liar and boaster in his last moments leaves to his friends by will a variety of rich and elegant bequests which had never any existence but in his own imagination. The stage is fertile in instances of a similar power of imagination. It is related of a popular actor of a former day, who was celebrated for his impersonations of George III., that he was on one occasion so carried away with the enthusiasm of his part, as well as with strong drink, that he acknowledged the applause of the audience with his hand to his heart, tears in his eyes, and 'God bless ye!—God bless ye, my children!'

Another actor, at a transpontine theatre, was remarkable for his personification of the first Napoleon; and his resemblance in person to the departed Corsican increased the hearty plaudits with which he was always greeted when he enacted this part. On such nights, he carried the histrionic illusion into which he had worked himself at the foot-lights to the *arrière scène*, and in the green-room he was not to be approached: he was 'gloomy, and grand,' absent, sententious, and curt; he strode up and down, twirling his snuff-box between his fingers, his hands being duly folded Napoleonically behind his back; and thus he remained for an hour or two in a haze of empire and glory.

It is well known that a person feigning madness for a lengthened period may become permanently insane; and on this principle we may account for 'the good likely sort of rogue' who personated 'the great Mr Wickham,' continuing his audacious deception to the very last, and actually dying in the part he had assumed, in the odour of piety and Christian resignation, and in the generous display of the most extraordinary and princely munificence.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

'If you want a thing done, go yourself; if not, send.'

This pithy axiom, of which most men know the full value, is by no means so well appreciated by women. One of the very last things we learn, often through a course of miserable helplessness, heart-burnings, difficulties, contumelies, and pain, is the lesson, taught to boys from their school-days, of self-dependence.

Its opposite, either plainly or impliedly, has been preached to us all our lives. 'An independent young lady'—'a woman who can take care of herself'—and such-like phrases, have become tacitly suggestive of hoydenishness, coarseness, strong-mindedness, down to the lowest dress of bloomerism, cigarette-smoking, and talking slang.

And there are many good reasons, ingrained in the very tenderest core of woman's nature, why this should be. We are 'the weaker vessel'—whether acknowledging it or not, most of us feel this: it becomes man's duty and delight to shew us honour accordingly. And this honour, dear as it may be to him to give, is still dearer to us to receive.

Dependence is in itself an easy and pleasant thing: dependence upon one we love perhaps the very sweetest thing in the world. To resign one's self totally and contentedly into the hands of another; to have no

longer any need of asserting one's rights or one's personality, knowing that both are as precious to that other as they ever were to ourselves; to cease taking thought about one's self at all, and rest safe, at ease, assured that in great things and small we shall be guided and cherished, guarded and helped—in fact, thoroughly 'taken care of'—how delicious is all this! So delicious, that it seems granted to very few of us, and to fewer still as a permanent condition of being.

Were it our ordinary lot, were every woman living to have either father, brother, or husband, to watch over and protect her, then, indeed, the harsh but salutary doctrine of self-dependence need never be heard of. But it is not so. In spite of the pretty ideals of poets, the easy taking-for-granted truths of anti-woman's-rights educators of female youth, this fact remains patent to any person of common sense and experience, that in the present day, whether voluntarily or not, one-half of our women are *obliged* to take care of themselves—obliged to look solely to themselves for maintenance, position, occupation, amusement, reputation, life.

Of course I refer to the large class for which these thoughts are meant—the single women; who, while most needing the exercise of self-dependence, are usually the very last in whom it is inculcated, or even permitted. From babyhood they are given to understand that helplessness is feminine and beautiful; helpfulness, —except in certain received forms of manifestation—unwomanly and ugly. The boys may do a thousand things which are 'not proper for little girls.'

And herein, I think, lies the great mistake at the root of most women's education, that the law of their existence is held to be, not right, but 'propriety.' A certain received notion of womanhood, which has descended from certain excellent great-grandmothers, admirable in its way, and suited for some sorts of women, but totally ignoring the fact that each sex is composed of individuals, differing in character almost as much from one another as from the opposite sex—some men being womanish, and some women masculine—and perhaps the finest types of either combining the qualities of both—and that, therefore, to deal justly, there must be set up a standard of abstract right, including manhood and womanhood, and yet superior to either. One of the first of its common laws, or common duties, is this of self-dependence.

We women are, no less than men, each of us a distinct existence. In two out of the three great facts of our life, we are certainly independent, and all our life long are accountable only, in the highest sense, to our own souls and the Maker of them. Is it natural—is it right even, that we should be expected—and be ready enough, too, for it is much the easiest way—to hang our consciences, duties, actions, opinions, upon some one else—some individual man, or some aggregate of mankind yclept society? Is this society to draw up a code of regulations as to what we are to do, and what not? Which latter is supposed to be done for us; if not done, or there happens to be no one to do it, is it to be left undone? And, alack, most frequently whether or not it ought to be, it is.

Every one's experience may furnish dozens of cases of poor women suddenly thrown adrift—widows with families, orphan girls, reduced gentlewomen—clinging helplessly to the skirts of every male relative or friend they have, sinking pitifully year after year, eating the bitter bread of charity, or compelled to bow an honest pride to hardest humiliations—every one of which might have been spared them by the early practice of self-dependence.

I once heard a lady say—a tenderly reared and tender-hearted woman—that if her riches made

themselves wings, as in these times riches will, she did not know anything in the world that she could turn her hand to, to keep herself from starving. A more pitiable, and, in some sense, humiliating confession, could hardly have been made; yet it is that not of hundreds, but of thousands, in England.

Sometimes exceptions arise: here is one:

Three young women, well educated and refined, were left orphans, their father dying just when his business promised to realise a handsome provision for his family. It was essentially a man's business—in many points of view, decidedly an unpleasant one. Of course, friends thought 'the girls' must give it up, go out as governesses, depend on relatives, or live in what genteel poverty the sale of the good-will might allow. But 'the girls' were wiser. They argued: 'If we had been boys, it would have been all right; we should have carried on the business, and provided for our mother and the whole family. Being women, we'll try it still. It is nothing wrong; it is simply disagreeable. It needs common sense, activity, diligence, and self-dependence. We have all these; and what we have not, we will learn.' So these three elegant and well-informed women laid aside their pretty feminine uselessnesses and pleasant idlenesses, and set to work. Happily, the trade was one that required no personal publicity; but they had to keep the books, manage the stock, choose and superintend fit agents—to do things most difficult, not to say distasteful, to women, and resign enjoyments that, to women of their refinement, must have cost daily self-denial. Yet they did it; they filled their father's place, sustained their delicate mother in ease and luxury, never once compromising their womanhood by their work, but rather ennobling the work by their doing of it.

Another case—different, and yet alike. A young girl, an eldest sister, had to receive for step-mother, a woman who ought never to have been any honest man's wife. Not waiting to be turned out of her father's house, she did a most daring and 'improper' thing—she left it, taking with her the brothers and sisters, whom by this means only she believed she could save from harm. She settled them in a London lodging, and worked for them as a daily governess. 'Heaven helps those who help themselves:' from that day this girl never was dependent upon any human being; while during a long life she has helped and protected more than I could count—pupils and pupils' children, friends and their children, besides brothers and sisters-in-law, nephews and nieces, down to the slenderest tie of blood, or even mere strangers. And yet she has never been anything but a poor governess, always independent, always able to assist others—because she never was and never will be indebted to any one, except for love while she lives, and for a grave when she dies. May she long possess the one and want the other!

And herein is answered the '*cui bono*?' of self-dependence, that its advantages end not with the original possessor. In this much-suffering world, a woman who can take care of herself can always take care of other people. She not only ceases to be an unprotected female, a nuisance, and a drag on society, but her working-value therein is doubled and trebled, and society respects her accordingly. Even her kindly male friends, no longer afraid that when the charm to their vanity of 'being of use to a lady' has died out, they shall be saddled with a perpetual claimant for all manner of advice and assistance, the first not always followed, and the second often accepted without gratitude—even they yield an involuntary consideration to a lady who gives them no more trouble than she can avoid, and is always capable of thinking and acting for herself in all things—so far as the natural decorums of her sex allow. True, these have their limits, which it would be folly, if not worse, for her to attempt to pass; but a certain fine instinct, which,

we flatter ourselves, is native to us women, will generally indicate the division between brave self-reliance and bold assumption.

Perhaps the line is easiest drawn, as in most difficulties, where duty ends and pleasure begins. We should respect one who, on a mission of mercy or necessity, went through the lowest portions of St Giles or the Gallowgate; we should be rather disgusted if she did it for mere amusement or bravado. All honour to the poor sempstress or governess who traverses London streets alone, at all hours of day or night, unguarded except by her own modesty; but the strong-minded female who would venture on a solitary expedition to investigate the humours of Cremorne Gardens or Greenwich fair, though perfectly 'respectable,' would be an exceedingly condemnable sort of personage. There are many things at which, as mere pleasures, a woman has a right to hesitate; there is no single duty, whether or not it lies in the ordinary line of her sex, from which she ought to shrink, if it is plainly set before her.

Those who are the strongest advocates for the passive character of our sex, its claims, proprieties, and restrictions, are, I have often noticed, if the most sensitive, not always the justest or most generous. I have seen ladies, no longer either young or pretty, shocked at the idea of traversing a street's length at night, yet never hesitate at being 'fetched' by some female servant, who was both young and pretty, and to whom the danger of the expedition, or of the late return alone, was by far the greater of the two. I have known anxious mothers, who would not for worlds be guilty of the indecorum of sending their daughters unchaperoned to the theatre or a ball—and very right, too!—yet send out some other woman's young daughter, at eleven p.m., to the stand for a cab, or to the public-house for a supply of beer. It never strikes them that the doctrine of female dependence extends beyond themselves, whom it suits so easily, and to whom it saves much trouble; that either every woman, be she servant or mistress, sempstress or fine lady, is to receive the 'protection' suitable to her degree; or that each is to be educated into a self-dependence, which will at least enable her to hold the balance of justice even, nor allow an over-delicacy for one woman to trench on the rights, conveniences, and honest feelings of another.

We must help ourselves. In this curious phase of social history, when marriage is apparently ceasing to become the common lot, and a happy marriage the most uncommon lot of all, we must educate our women into what is far better than any blind clamour for ill-defined 'rights'—into what ought always to be the foundation of rights—duties. And there is one, the silent practice of which will secure to them almost every right they can fairly need—the duty of self-dependence. Not after any amazonian fashion; no mutilating of fair womanhood in order to assume the unnatural armour of men; but simply by the full exercise of every faculty, physical, moral, and intellectual, with which Heaven has endowed women, severally and collectively, in different degrees; allowing no one to rust or lie idle, merely because their owner is a woman. And, above all, let us lay the foundation of all real womanliness by teaching our maidens from their cradle that the priceless pearl of decorous beauty, chastity of mind as well as body, exists in themselves alone; that a single-hearted and pure-minded woman may go through the world, like Spenser's Una, suffering, indeed, but never defenceless; foot-sore and smirched, but never tainted; exposed, doubtless, to many trials, yet never either degraded or humiliated, unless by her own act she humiliates herself.

For Heaven's sake—for the sake of 'womanhede,' the most heavenly thing next angelhood, as men tell us when they are courting us, and which it depends

upon ourselves to make them believe in all their lives—*young girls, trust yourselves; rely on yourselves!* Be assured that no outward circumstances will harm you while you keep the jewel of purity in your bosom, and are ever ready with the steadfast, clean right hand, of which, till you use it, you never know the strength, though it be only a woman's hand.

Fear not the world: it is often juster to us than we are to ourselves. If in its harsh jostlings the 'weaker goes to the wall'—as so many allege always happens to a woman—you will almost always find that this is not merely because of her sex, but from some inherent qualities in herself, which, existing either in woman or man, would produce just the same result, usually more pitiful than blamable. The world is hard enough, for two-thirds of it are struggling for the dear life—each for himself, and *de'il tak the hindmost;* but it has a rough sense of moral justice after all. And whosoever denies that, spite of all hindrances from individual wickedness, the *right* shall not ultimately prevail, impugns not merely human justice, but the justice of God.

The age of chivalry, with all its benefits and harmfulness, is gone by, for us women. We cannot now have men for our knights-errant, expending blood and life for our sake, while we have nothing to do but sit idle on balconies, and drop flowers on half-dead victors at tilt and tourney. Nor, on the other hand, are we dressed-up dolls, pretty playthings, to be fought and scrambled for—petted, caressed, or flung out of window, as our several lords and masters may please. Life is much more equally divided between us and them. We are neither goddesses nor slaves; they are neither heroes nor semi-demons: we just plod on together, men and women alike, on the same road, where daily experience illustrates Hudibras's keen truth, that

The value of a thing
Is just as much as it will bring.

And our value is—exactly what we choose to make it.

Perhaps at no age since Eve's were women rated so exclusively at their own personal worth, apart from poetic flattery or unmanly depreciation; at no time in the world's history judged so entirely by their individual merits, and respected according to the respect which they earn for themselves. And shall we esteem ourselves so meanly as to consider this unjust? Shall we not rather accept our position, difficult indeed, and requiring from us more than the world ever required before; but from its very difficulty, rendered the most honourable?

Let us not be afraid of men; for that, I suppose, lies at the root of all these amiable hesitations. 'Gentlemen don't like such and such things.' 'Gentlemen fancy so and so unfeminine.' My dear little foolish cowards, do you think a man—a *good* man, in any relation of life, ever loves a woman the more for esteeming her the less? or likes her better for transferring all her burdens to his shoulders, and pinning her conscience to his sleeve? Or, even if he did like it, is a woman's divinity to be man—or God?

And here, piercing to the Foundation of all truth—I think we may find the truth concerning self-dependence, which is only real and only valuable when its root is not in self at all—when its strength is drawn not from man, but from that Higher and Diviner Source whence every individual soul proceeds, and to which alone it is accountable. As soon as any woman, old or young, once feels that, not as a vague sentimental belief, but as a tangible, practical law of life, all weakness ends, all doubt departs: she recognises the glory, honour, and beauty of her existence; she is no longer afraid of its pains; she desires not to shift one atom of its responsibilities to another. She is content to take it just as it is, from the hands of the

All-Father; her only care being to so fulfil it, that while the world at large may recognise and profit by her self-dependence, she herself, knowing that the utmost strength lies in the deepest humility, recognises, solely and above all, her dependence upon God.

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LXVIII.—THE WOODS ON FIRE?

THE trappers were not among those who had rescued me—where were they? The others made answer, though I already guessed what they had to tell. Rube and Garey had followed the tracks of the steed, leaving the rangers to come after me.

I was pleased with the ready intelligence of my comrades: they had acted exactly as they should have done. I was myself found, and I no longer entertained any apprehension that the trail would be lost.

By this time, the trappers must be far upon it; more than an hour had elapsed since they and the others had parted company. My zigzag path had cost my followers many a bewildering pause.

But they had not ridden recklessly as I, and could find their way back. As it was impossible to tell in what direction Rube and Garey had gone, this course was the best to be followed; and under the guidance of Stanfield, an expert woodsman, we commenced returning to the prairie. It was not necessary to follow back our own crooked trail. The Kentuckian had noted the 'lay' of the chapparal, and led us out of its labyrinths by an almost direct path.

On reaching the open prairie, we made no halt; but upon the tracks of Rube, Garey, and the steed, once more entered the chapparal.

We had no difficulty about our course; it was plainly traced out for us; the trappers had 'blazed' it. In most places, the tracks of the three horses were sufficient indices of the route; but there were stretches where the ground was stony, and upon the parched arid herbage, even the shod hoof left no visible mark. In such places, a branch of acacia broken and pendulous, the bent flower-stem of an aloe or the succulent leaves of the cactus slashed with a sharp knife, were conspicuous and unmistakable signs; and by the guidance of these we made rapid advance.

We must have gone much faster than the trackers themselves—for notwithstanding the freshness of the trail, there were dry spots and patches of cut rock over which it passed, and where it must have cost both time and keen perception to trace it.

As we were travelling so much more rapidly than Rube and Garey could have done, I looked forward to our soon overtaking them; with eager anticipation, I looked forward. Surely they would have some news for me, now that they had been so long in the advance? Surely by this time they must have come in sight of the steed?—perhaps captured him? O joyous anticipation!

Or would they return with a different tale? Was I to meet the report that he still hurried on—on for ever? That he had swum some rapid stream? or plunged over a precipice—into some dark abyss?

Though hastening on after the trackers, there were moments when I feared to overtake them—moments when I dreaded to hear their tale!

We had worked our way about five miles through the hideous jungle, when I began to feel a strange sensation in my eyes—a sensation of pain—what is usually termed a 'smarting.' I at first attributed it to the want of sleep. My companions complained that they were affected in a similar manner.

It was not until we had gone some distance farther, that we found the true explanation, by perceiving that

there was smoke upon the air! Smoke it was that was causing the bitterness in our eyes.

The denizen of the prairie never regards such an indication with indifference. Where there is smoke, there is fire, and where fire, danger—at least upon the broad grassy steppes of the west. A burning forest may be shunned. You may stand near to the forest on fire, and contemplate such a scene with safety; but a blazing prairie is a phenomenon of a different character; and it is indeed a rare position where you may view, without peril, this sublime spectacle.

There are prairies that will not burn. The plains covered with the short 'buffalo-grass' (*sesleria dactyloides*), and the sward of various species of 'gramma' (*chondrosium*), rarely take fire; or if they do, horse, man, buffalo, or antelope, can easily escape by leaping across the blaze. 'Tis only the reptile world—snakes, lizards, the toad, and the land-turtle (*terrapin*)—that fall victims to such a flame.

Not so upon the 'weed-prairies,' or those where the tall reed-grass rises above the withers of a horse—its culms matted and laced together by the trailing stems of various species of bindweed, by creeping convolvulus, cucurbitaceae, and wild pea-vines. In the dry season, when a fire lays its hold upon vegetation of this character, there is danger indeed—where it rages, there is death.

It was smoke that affected our eyes, causing them to smart and water. Fire must be causing the smoke—what was on fire? I could detect apprehension in the looks of my followers, as we rode on. It was but slight, for as yet the smoke was scarcely perceptible, and the fire, wherever it was, must be distant—so fancied we.

As we advanced, the glances of the men became more uneasy. Beyond a doubt, the smoke was thickening around us—the sky was fast becoming darker, and the pain in our eyes more acute.

'The woods are on fire,' said Stanfield.

Stanfield was a backwoodsman—his thoughts ran upon 'woods.'

Whether forest or prairie, a conflagration was certainly raging. It might be far off, for the wind will carry the smoke of a prairie-fire a long distance; but I had an unpleasant suspicion that it was not distant. I noticed dropping around us the white floc of burnt leaves, and from the intense bitterness of the smoke, I reasoned that it could not have floated far—its gases were not yet dissipated.

It was not the distance of the fire that so much troubled me, as its direction. The wind blew right in our teeth, and the smoke was travelling with the wind. The conflagration must be ahead—directly upon the trail!

The smoke grew thicker and thicker—ahead, the sky appeared slashed with a lurid light; I fancied I could hear the crackling of the flames. The air felt hot and dry: a choking sensation came into our throats, and one and all were soon hacking and gasping for breath.

So dark had it suddenly become, or rather, so blinded were we with the smoke, we could scarcely make out the trail.

My followers would have stopped, but I urged them on. With voice and example, I urged them on—myself leading the way. My heart was too sore to make pause.

Where in all this were Rube and Garey? We had come far and fast; we should now be nearly up with them—they could not be much ahead.

I halted as we advanced.

'Hullo!' came the response, in the rough baritone of the younger trapper.

We hurried forward in the direction of the voice. The path conducted to an opening in the chapparral, in the centre of which, through the smoke, we could distinguish the forms of men and horses.

With eager eyes, I scanned the group; a glance was sufficient: there were only two of each—only the trackers.

CHAPTER LXIX.

SMOKE AND THIRST.

'Ah, Monsieur Roob!' cried the Canadian, as we hurried up, 'vat make ce de la diable d'une fumée—smoke? Are ze woods on fire—you tink—eh?'

'Wuds!' exclaimed Rube, with a contemptuous glance at the speaker. 'Wagh! Thur's no wuds hyur. Thur's a paraire afire. Don't ee smell the stink o' the grass?'

'Pe gar, oui! vraitment—c'est la prairie? You sure, Monsieur Roob?'

'Sure!' vociferated the trapper in a tone of indignation—'Sure!—ye durned parley-voo-eat-a-frog, spit-a-brick, soup-suckin' Frenchman, d'yur think I don't know the smell o' a burnin' paraire? Wagh!'

'Ah, Monsieur Roob, me pardon. Vat I mean ask—is ze chapparral brûlé—on fire—ces arbres?'

'The chapparril ain't afire,' answered Rube, somewhat mollified by the apology: 'so don't be skeeart, Frenchy; yur safe enuf.'

This assurance seemed to gratify not only the timid Canadian, but others, who, up to this moment, were apprehensive that it was the thicket that was on fire.

For myself, I had no such fears; I perceived that the chapparral could not burn. Here and there, patches of dry mezquite-trees would have caught like tinder; but in most places, a succulent endogenous vegetation formed three parts of the jungle, and rendered it 'fire-proof.' This was especially the case around the glade where the trappers had taken their stand, and which was completely enclosed by a wall of the great organ cactus, with aloes, opuntias, and other juicy-leaved plants. In the opening, we were as safe from the fire as though it was a hundred miles off; we suffered only from the smoke, that now quite filled the atmosphere, causing a darkness that rivalled night.

I had no apprehension for our safety; it was not of that I was thinking.

To the hasty dialogue between Rube and the Canadian I had scarcely given heed; Garey had advanced to meet me, and I listened with anxious ear to the tale of the tracker.

It was soon told. Rube and he had followed the trail, until it emerged from the chapparral, and struck out into a wide grass-prairie. The edge of the thicket was close by; but they had gone a considerable distance beyond it and across the plain. They were still advancing, when, to their consternation, they perceived that the prairie was on fire directly ahead of them! The wind was rolling both smoke and flames before it with the rapidity of a running horse, and it was with difficulty they escaped from it by galloping back to the chapparral.

And the steed—what had become of him? Had they seen nothing?

I did not put these questions in words—only in thought did I ask them; and in thought only were they answered. Both the trackers were silent, and that was an answer in the negative; yes, I read an ominous negative in their looks of gloom.

We were compelled to halt; even the smoke rendered further progress impossible; but we could hear the fire at no great distance—the culms of the coarse reed-grass cracking like volleys of musketry.

Now and then, a scared deer broke through the bushes, passing us at full speed. A band of antelope dashed into the glade, and halted close beside us—the frightened creatures not knowing where to run. At their heels came a pack of prairie-wolves, but not in pursuit of them: these also stopped near. A black bear and a cougar arrived next; and fierce beasts of prey and gentle ruminants stood side by side, both

terrified out of their natural habits. Birds shrieked among the branches, eagles screamed in the air, and black vultures could be seen hovering through the smoke, with no thought of stooping upon a quarry!

The hunter man alone preserved his instincts. My followers were hungry. Rifles were levelled—and the bear and one of the antelopes fell victims to the deadly aim.

Both were soon stripped of their skins, and butchered. A fire was kindled in the glade, and upon sword-blades and sapling spits the choice morsels of venison and 'bear-meat' were roasted, and eaten, with many a jest about the 'smoky kitchen.'

I was myself hungered. I shared the repast, but not the merriment. At that moment, no wit could have won from me a smile; the most luxurious table could not have furnished me with cheer.

A worse appetite than hunger assailed my companions, and I felt it with the rest—it was thirst: for hours all had been suffering from it; the long hard ride had brought it on, and now the smoke and the dry hot atmosphere increased the appetite till it had grown agonising, almost unendurable. No water had been passed since the stream we had crossed before day; there was none in the chapparal; the trackers saw none so far as they had gone: we were in a waterless desert; and the very thought itself renders the pang of thirst keener and harder to endure.

Some chewed their leaden bullets, or pebbles of chalcodony which they had picked up; others obtained relief by drinking the blood of the slaughtered animals—the bear and the antelope—but we found a better source of assuagement in the succulent stems of the cactus and agave.

The relief was but temporary: the juice cooled our lips and tongues, but there is an acrid principle in these plants that soon acted, and our thirst became more intense than ever.

Some talked of returning on the trail in search of water—of going back even to the stream—more than twenty miles distant.

Under such circumstances, even military command loses its authority. Nature is stronger than martial law.

I cared not if they did return; I cared not who left me, so long as the trappers remained true. I had no fear that they would forsake me; and my disapprobation of it checked the cheerless proposal, and once more all declared their willingness to go on.

Fortunately, at that crisis the smoke began to clear away, and the atmosphere to lighten up. The fire had burnt on to the edge of the chapparal, where it was now opposed by the sap-bearing trees. The grass had been all consumed—the conflagration was at an end.

Mounting our horses, we rode out from the glade; and following the trail a few hundred yards farther, we emerged from the thicket, and stood upon the edge of the desolated plain.

CHAPTER LXX.

A BURNT PRAIRIE.

The earth offers no aspect more drear and desolate than that of a burnt prairie. The ocean when its waves are gray—a blighted heath—a flat fenny country in a rapid thaw—all these impress the beholder with a feeling of chill monotony; but the water has motion, the heath, colour, and the half-thawed flat exhibits variety in its motting of white and ground.

Not so the steppe that has been fired and burned. In this, the eye perceives neither colour, nor form, nor motion. It roams over the limitless level in search of one or other, but in vain; and in the absence of all three, it tires, and the heart grows cheerless and sick. Even the sky scarcely offers relief. It, too, by refraction from the black surface beneath, wears a dull livid

aspect; or perhaps the eye, jaundiced by the reflection of the earth, beholds not the brightness of the heavens.

A prairie, when green, does not always glad the eye—not even when enamelled with fairest flowers. I have crossed such plains, verdant or blooming to the utmost verge of vision, and longed for something to appear in sight—a rock, a tree, a living creature—anything to relieve the universal sameness; just as the voyager on the ample ocean longs for ships, for cetacea, or the sight of land, and is delighted with a nautilus, polypi, phosphorescence, or a floating weed.

Colour alone does not satisfy the sense. What hue more charming than the fresh verdure of the grassy plain? what more exquisite than the deep blue of the ocean? and yet the eye grows weary of both! Even the 'flower-prairie,' with its thousands of gay corollas of every tint and shade—with its golden helianthus, its white argemone, its purple cleome, its pink malvaceæ, its blue lupin—its poppyworts of red and orange—even these fair tints grow tiresome to the sight, and the eye yearns for form and motion.

If so, what must be the prairie when divested of all its verdant and flowery charms—when burned to black ashes? It is difficult to conceive the aspect of dreary monotony it then presents—more difficult to describe it. Words will not paint such a scene.

And such presented itself to our eyes as we rode out from the chapparal. The fire was past—even the smoke had ceased to rise, except in spots where the damp earth still reeked under the heat; but right and left, and far ahead, on to the very hem of the horizon, the surface was of one uniform hue, as if covered with a vast crape. There was nought of form to be seen, living or lifeless; there was no life or motion, even in the elements; all sounds had ceased: an awful stillness reigned above and around—the world seemed dead and shrouded in its sable pall!

Under other circumstances, I might have stayed to regard such a scene, though not to admire it. On that interminable waste, there was nought to be admired, not even sublimity; but no spectacle however sublime, however beautiful, could have won from me a thought at that moment.

The trackers had already ridden far out, and were advancing, half concealed by the cloud of black 'stoar' flung up from the heels of their horses. For some distance, they moved straight on without looking for the tracks of the steed. Before meeting the fire, they had gone beyond the edge of the chapparal; after a while, I observed them moving more slowly, with their eyes upon the ground as if looking for the trail. I had doubts of their being able either to find or follow it now. The shallow hoof-prints would be filled with the debris of the burnt herbage—surely they could no longer be traced?

By myself, they could not, nor by a common man; but it seemed that to the eyes of those keen hunters, the trail was as conspicuous as ever. I saw that, after searching a few seconds, they had taken it up, and were once more moving along, guided by the tracks. Some slight hollows I could perceive, distributed here and there over the ground, and scarcely distinguishable from the surrounding level. Certainly, without having been told what they were, I should not have known them to be the tracks of a horse.

It proved a wide prairie, and we seemed to be crossing its central part. The fire had spread far.

At one place, nearly midway, where the trail was faint, and difficult to make out, we stopped for a short while to give the trackers time. A momentary curiosity induced me to gaze around. Awful was the scene—awful without sublimity. Even the thorny chapparal no longer relieved the eye; the outline of its low shrubbery had sunk below the horizon, and on all sides stretched the charred plain up to the rim of the leaden canopy, black—black—illimitable. Had I

been alone, I might easily have yielded to the fancy, that the world was dead.

Gazing over this vast opacity, I for a moment forgot my companions, and fell into a sort of lethargic stupor. I fancied that I too was dead or dreaming—I fancied that I was in hell—the Avernus of the ancients. In my youth, I had the misfortune to be well schooled in classic lore, to the neglect of studies that are useful; and often in life have the poetical absurdities of Greek and Latin mythology intruded themselves upon my spirit—both asleep and awake. I fancied, therefore, that some well-meaning Anchises had introduced me to the regions below; and that the black plain before me was some landscape in the kingdom of Pluto. Reflection—had I been capable of that—would have convinced me of my error. No part of that monarch's dominions can be so thinly peopled.

I was summoned to reason again by the voices of my followers. The lost trail had been found, and they were moving on.

CHAPTER LXXI.

THE TALK OF THE TRACKERS.

I spurred after, and soon overtook them. Regardless of the dust, I rode close in the rear of the trackers, and listened to what they were saying.

These 'men of the mountains'—as they prided to call themselves—were peculiar. While engaged in a duty, such as the present, they would scarce disclose their thoughts, even to me; much less were they communicative with the rest of my following, whom they were accustomed to regard as 'greenhorns'—their favourite appellation for all men who have not made the tour of the grand prairies. Notwithstanding that Stanfield and Black were backwoodsmen and hunters by profession, Quackenboss a splendid shot, Le Blanc a regular 'voyageur,' and the others more or less skilled in woodcraft, all were greenhorns in the opinion of the trappers. To be otherwise, a man must have starved upon a 'sage-prairie'—run 'buffalo by the Yellowstone or Platte'—fought 'Injun,' and shot Indian—have well-nigh lost scalp or ears—spent a winter in Pierre's Hole upon Green River—or camped amid the snows of the Rocky Mountains! Some one of all these feats must needs have been performed ere the 'greenhorn' can matriculate and take rank as a 'mountain man.'

I of all my party was the only one who, in the eyes of Rube and Garey, was not a greenhorn; and even I—gentleman-amateur that I was—was hardly up either in their confidence or their 'craft.' It is indeed true—with all my classic accomplishments, with my fine words, my fine horse, and fine clothes—so long as we were within the limits of prairie-land, I acknowledged these men as my superiors. They were my guides, my instructors, my masters.

Since overtaking them on the trail, I had not asked them to give any opinion. I dreaded a direct answer—for I had noticed something like a despairing look in the eyes of both.

As I followed them over the black plain, however, I thought that their faces brightened a little, and appeared once more lit up by a faint ray of hope. For that reason, I rode close upon their heels, and eagerly caught up every word that was passing between them. Rube was speaking when I first drew near.

'Wagh! I don't b'lieve it, Bill; 'tain't possible no-how-so-ever. The paraira wur sot afire—must 'a been; thur's no other ways for it. It cudn't 'a tuk to bleezin o' itself—eh?'

'Sartinly not; I agree wi' you, Rube.'

'Wal—thur wur a fellur as I met onces at Bent's Fort on the Arkinsaw—a odd sort o' a critter he wur, an no mistake; he us't go pokin about, gatherin weeds an all sorts o' green garbitch, an spreadin 'em out atween sheets o' paper—whet he called button-

eyesin—jest like thet ur Dutch doctur as wur rubbed out when we went into the Navagh country, t' other side o' the Grand.'

'I remembers him.'

'Wal, this hyur fellur I tell 'ee about, he us't to talk mighty big o' this, thet, an t' other; an he palavered a heap 'bout a thing thet, ef I don't disremember, wur called *spuntaynyus kumbuxshun*.'

'I've heerd o' 't; that are the name.'

'Wal, the button-eyeser, he sayed thet a paraira mout take afire o' itself, 'thout anybody whatsomdiver hevin sot it. Now, thet ur's what this child don't b'lieve, nohow. In coorse, I knows thet lightnin sometimes may sot a paraira a bleezin, but lightnin's a natral fire o' itself; an it's only reezunible to expect thet the dry grass wud catch from it like punk; but I shed like to know how fire kud kindle by itself—thet's whet I shed like to know.'

'I don't believe it can,' rejoined Garey.

'Ne'er a bit o' it. I never seed a burnin paraira yit, thet thur wa'n't eyther a camp-fire or a Injun at the bottom o' it—thet ur 'ceptin whur lightnin hed did the bizness.'

'And you think, Rube, thar's been Injun at the bottom o' this?'

'Putty nigh sure; an I'll gie you my reezuns. Fust, do 'ee see thur's been no lightnin this mornin to 'a made the fire? Secons, it's too fur west hyur for any settlement o' whites—in coorse I speak o' Texans—thur might be Mexikins; them I don't call white, nohow noomediver. An then, agin, it kin scarce be Mexikins neyther. It ur too fur no'th for any o' the yellur bellies to be a strayin jest now, seein as it's the *Mexikin moon wi' the Kimanchees*, an both them an the Leepans ur on the war-trail. Wal, then, it's clur thur's no Mexikin 'bout hyur to hev sot the paraira afire, an thur's been no lightnin to do it; thurfor, it must 'a been did eyther by a Injun, or thet ur dod-rotted *spuntaynyus kumbuxshun*.'

'One or t' other.'

'Wal, bein as this child don't b'lieve in the *kumbuxshun* nohow, thurfor it's my openyun thet red Injuns did the bizness—they did sartint.'

'No doubt of it,' assented Garey.

'An ef they did,' continued the old trapper, 'thur about yit somewhur not fur off, an we've got to keep a sharp look-out for our har—we hev.'

'Safe, we have,' assented Garey.

'I tell 'ee, Bill,' continued Rube in a new strain, 'the Injuns is mighty riled jest now. I never knowd 'em so savagerous an fighty. The war hez gin 'em a fresh start, an thur dander's up agin us, by reezun thet the gin'ral didn't take thur offer to help us agin the yellur bellies. Ef we meet wi' eyther Kimanch or Leepan on these hyur plains, thu'll scalp us, or we'll scalp 'em—thet 'll be it. Wagh!'

'But what for could they 'a sot the parairy on fire?' inquired Garey.

'Thet ere,' replied Rube, 'thet ere wur what puzzled me at fust. I thort it mout 'a been done by accyent—preehaps by the scatterin o' a camp-fire—for Injuns is careless enuf 'bout thet. Now, how's'over I've got a diff'rent idee. Thet story thet Dutch an Frenchy hev fetched from the rancherie, gies me a insight inter the hull bizness.'

I knew the 'story' to which Rube had reference. Lige and Le Blanc, when at the village, had heard some rumour of an Indian foray that had just been made against one of the Mexican towns, not far from the rancheria. It had occurred on the same day that we marched out. The Indians—supposed to be Lipans or Comanches—had sacked the place, and carried off both plunder and captives. A party of them had passed near the rancheria after we ourselves had left it. This party had 'called' at the Hacienda de Vargas and completed the pillage, left unfinished by the

guerilla. This was the substance of what the messengers had heard.

'You mean about the Injuns?' said Garey half interrogatively.

'In coorse,' rejoined Rube. 'Belike enuf, 'em Injuns ur the same niggurs we gin sich a rib-roastin to by the moun. Wag! they hain't gone back to thur mountains, as 'twur b'lieved: they dassent 'a gone back in sich disgrace, 'ithout takin eyther har or hosses. The squaws ud 'a booted 'em.'

'Sure enough.'

'Sure sartint. Wal, Billee, 'ee see now what I mean: thet party's been a skulketin 'bout hyur ever since, till they got a fust-rate chance at the Mexikin town, an thur they 've struck a blow.'

'It's mighty like as you say, Rube; but why have they sot fire to the parairy?'

'Wagh! Bill, kin ye not see why: it ur plain as Pike's Peak on a summery day.'

'I don't see,' responded Garey in a thoughtful tone.

'Well, this child do; an this ur the reezun: as I tell 'ee, the Injuns hain't forgot the lambaystin they hed by the moun; an preelaps bein now a weak party, an thinkin thet we as wolopped 'em wur still i' the rancherie, they wur afeerd thet on hearin o' thur pilledgin, we mout be arter 'em.'

'An they 've burnt the parairy to kiver thur trail?'

'Preezactly so.'

'By Gosh, you're right, Rube!—it's uncommon like. But whar do you think this trail's goin? Surely the hoss hain't been caught in the fire?'

I bent forward in the saddle, and listened with acute eagerness. To my great relief, the answer of the old trapper was in the negative.

'He hain't,' said he; 'ne'er a bit o' it. His trail, do 'ee see, runs in a bee-line, or clost on a bee-line: now, ef the fire hed 'a begun afore he wur acrost this paraira, he wud long since 'a doubled 'bout, an tuk the back track; but 'ee see he hain't did so; thurfor, I conclude he's safe through it, an the grass must 'a been sot afire ahint 'im.'

I breathed freely after listening to these words. A load seemed lifted from my breast, for up to this moment I had been vainly endeavouring to combat the fearful apprehension that had shaped itself in my imagination. From the moment that we had entered the burned prairie, my eyes constantly, and almost mechanically, had sought the ground in front of our course, had wandered over it, with uneasy glance, in dread of beholding forms—lifeless—burned and charred—

The words of the trapper gave relief—almost an assurance that the steed and his rider were still safe—and, under inspiration of renewed hope, I rode more cheerfully forward.

CHAPTER LXXII.

'INJUN SIGN.'

After a pause, the guides resumed their conversation, and I continued to listen. I had a reason for not mingling in it. If I joined them in their counsels, they might not express their convictions so freely, and I was desirous of knowing what they truly thought. By keeping close behind them, I could hear all—myself unnoticed under the cloud of dust that rose around us. On the soft ashes, the hoof-stroke was scarcely audible, our horses gliding along in a sweeping silent walk.

'By Gosh! then,' said Garey, 'if Injuns fired the parairy, they must 'a done it to wind'ard, an we're travellin right in the teeth o' the wind; we're goin in a ugly direction, Rube; what do you think o' 't, old hoss?'

'Jest what you sez, boyce—a cussed ugly direckshun—durnation'd ugly.'

'It ain't many hours since the fire begun, an the redskins won't be far from t' other side, I reckon. If the hoss-trail leads us right on them, we'll be in a fix, old boy.'

'Ay,' replied Rube, in a low but significant drawl; 'ef it do, an ef this niggur don't a miskalkerate, it will lead right on 'em, plum straight custrut into thur camp.'

I started on hearing this. I could no longer remain silent; but brushing rapidly forward to the side of the trapper, in hasty phrase demanded his meaning.

'Jest what 'ee've heern me say, young fellur,' was his reply.

'You think that there are Indians ahead—that the hoss has gone to their camp?'

'No, not gone thur; nor kin I say for sartint thur ur Injuns yet; though it looks mighty like. Thur's nuthin else to guv reezun for the fire—nuthin as Bill or me kin think o'; an ef thur be Injuns, then I don't think the hoss hex gone to thur camp, but I do kalkerate it's mighty like he's been tuk thur: thet's what I thinks, young fellur.'

'You mean that the Indians have captured him?'

'Thet's preezactly what this child means.'

'But how? What reason have you for thinking so?'

'Wal—jest because I think so.'

'Pray explain, Rube!' I said in an appealing tone. I feared that his secretive instincts would get the better of him, and he would delay giving his reasons from a pure love of mystification that was inherent in the old fellow's nature. I was too anxious to be patient; but my appeal proved successful.

'Wal, 'ee see, young fellur, the hoss must 'a crosst hyur jest afore this paraira wur sot afire; an it's mighty reezunible to s'pose thet whosomediver did the bizness, Injun or no Injun, must 'a been to win'ard o' hyur. It ur also likely enuf, I reckon, thet the party must 'a seed the hoss; an it ur likely agin thet nobody wa'nt a gwine to see thet hoss, wi' the gurl stropped down 'long his hump ribs, 'ithout bein kewrious enuf to take arter 'im. Injuns 'ud be safe to go arter 'im, yellin like blazes; an arter 'im they've gone, an roped 'im, I reckon—thet they've done.'

'You think they could have caught him?'

'Sartint. The hoss by then must 'a been dead beat—thet ur, unless he's got the divel in 'im; an by Geehorum! I gin to sursept—Gelu—Gehosaphat! jest as I said: lookee, thur—thur!'

'What is it?' I inquired, seeing the speaker suddenly halt and point to the ground, upon which his eyes also were fixed. 'What is it, Rube? I can perceive nothing strange.'

'Don't 'ee see 'em hoss-tracks?—thur!—thick as sheep-feet—hundreds o' 'em!'

I certainly noticed some slight hollows in the surface, nearly levelled up by the black ashes. I should not have known them to be horse-tracks.

'They ur,' said Rube, 'every one o' 'em—an Injun hoss-tracks sure.'

'They may be the wild-hosses, Rube?' said one of the rangers, riding up and surveying the sign.

'Wild jackasses!' angrily retorted the old trapper. 'Whur did you ever see a wild hoss? Do 'ee s'pose I've turned stone-blind, do 'ee? Stan thur, my mar!' he cried, flinging his lean carcass out of the saddle, at the same time talking to his mare: 'ee knows better than thet fellur, I kin tell by the way yur snifin. Keep yur ground a minnit, ole gurl, till ole Rube shew these hyur greenhorns how a mountain man kin read sign—wild hosses! wag!'

After thus delivering himself, the trapper dropped upon his knees, placed his lips close to the ground, and commenced blowing at the black ashes. All had by this time ridden up, and sat in their saddles watching him.

We saw that he was clearing the ashes out of one of the hollows which he had pronounced to be horse-tracks, and which now proved to be so.

'Thur now, mister!' said he, turning triumphantly, and rather savagely, upon the ranger who had questioned the truth of his conjecture: 'thur's a shod track—shod wi' parfleesh too. Did 'ee ever see a wild hoss, or a wild mule, or a wild jackass eyther, shod wi' parfleesh? Ef 'ee did, it's more'n Rube Rawlins ever seed, an thet ur trapper's been on the hoss-plains well-nigh forty yeern. Wagh!'

Of course, there was no reply to this interrogatory. There was the track, and, dismounting, we all examined it in turn.

Sure enough, it was the track of a shod horse—shod with *parfleesh*—thick leather made from the hide of the buffalo bull.

We all knew this to be a mode of shoeing practised by the horse-Indians of the plains, and only by them.

The evidence was conclusive: Indians had been upon the ground.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF TOBACCO.

Oh, thou weed
Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er been born:
—SHAKESPEARE.

Has the reader ever watched the rise and progress of a paper-war?—A quiet harmless-looking letter, with a modest Latin or Greek signature—Alpha, for instance—appears on Monday morning in the *Times*, let us say, pointing out an abuse, advocating a reform, or prosing in the usual respectable and patriotic way on one of the thousand-and-one topics that form the subjects of newspaper correspondence. The gauntlet is thus thrown down, the hat is tossed into the ring. By the act of writing a letter to the *Times*, Alpha emerges from his character as a private individual, and is bound to do battle à l'outrance against all comers in defence of his opinions. The challenge is accepted. On Tuesday, everything he has stated is flatly contradicted in a letter signed Beta, in which the writer broadly insinuates that he considers Alpha either a knave or a fool, or possibly a union of both. On Wednesday, Gamma starts up in defence of Alpha, and abuses Beta like a pickpocket. On Thursday, Delta takes up the cudgels for Beta, and makes mince-meat of Alpha and Gamma. In the meantime, a shower of replies, rejoinders, and such-like controversial fireworks have been let off by the other three; and by the end of the week, the whole alphabet, from Alpha to Omega, are hard at work, hammer and tongs, to the serious damage of their own tempers, and the intense delight and edification of the public. These intellectual gladiators are exactly like the vultures described by Longfellow:

Never stoops the soaring vulture
On his quarry in the desert,
On the sick or wounded bison,
But another vulture, watching
From his high aerial look-out,
Sees the downward plunge, and follows;
And a third pursues the second,
Coming from the invisible ether,
First a speck, and then a vulture,
Till the air is dark with pinions.

In the same way it may be said:

Never writes the 'Constant Reader'
To that much-enduring martyr
Called 'The Editor' of a paper,
But another 'Reader,' sitting
In his comfortable club-house,
Sees the feeble scrawl, and answers;
And a third attacks the second,
Each epistle getting longer—
First a line, and then a column,
Till the paper's full of letters.

One of these pen-and-ink combats has been lately raging with much bitterness between the smoking and non-smoking members of the community, during which passage of pens, the subject of tobacco, to use a modern expression, has been thoroughly 'ventilated.' The *Lancet* has been the principal medium through which the tobacco-stoppers have fulminated their anathemas against the fragrant plant; while its devotees—and their name is legion—have, in their own opinion, triumphantly confuted the arguments of its detractors in a cloud of letters, pamphlets, 'pleas for the pipe,' and other well-fumigated productions. I have before me a whole heap of these paper-pellets, one half demonstrating beyond a question that tobacco is a poison and a bane, and the other half proving as positively that it is a balm and a blessing.

Without attempting to decide this important question, and believing that the golden rule, *medio tutissimus ibis*, applies to smoking as well as every other gratification, I shall attempt to compress into the limits of a page or two a few of the facts concerning the history, cultivation, and manufacture of tobacco, which have been elicited in the course of the controversy.

One of the best volumes on the subject has been written by Mr Steinmetz, a barrister, who acknowledges himself to be an inveterate smoker, and who had a cigar in his mouth continually during the composition of his work, which extends to 174 pages. The learned gentleman starts with the dictum, that the natives of every country on the globe have had from time immemorial their own peculiar narcotic, either home-made or imported. Thus, in North America, they have tobacco; in South America, the thorn-apple, coca, tobacco, and hemp; in Europe, hops and tobacco; in Africa, hemp; and in Asia, amanita, betel-nut, and tobacco. Professor Johnson, the author of the *Chemistry of Common Life*, in illustration of the same idea, published a 'map shewing the distribution of narcotics over the globe.' The tobacco-plant, in its numerous varieties, is found from the equator to the 60th degree of latitude, but the savages of America enjoy the credit of having originally discovered its narcotic properties.—Sir Walter Raleigh, as everybody knows, gets the credit of having been the first to introduce it in England.*

It is related of him, that having retired to his room to have a comfortable weed in private, he soon became completely buried in smoke and contemplation. Finding this employment but dry work, and totally

* Raleigh may be regarded as connected with the introduction of tobacco into England, but not truly its introducer. The real history of the affair seems to have been briefly this. In the colonising expedition sent out by Raleigh to Virginia in 1584, was Hariot, the inventor of the system of notation in modern algebra. While exploring the country, he observed the culture of tobacco among the natives, who used it for 'crudities of the stomach.' Fully believing in the supposed virtues of the herb, he accustomed himself to its use. Hariot is thus to be regarded as certainly the first European who smoked tobacco. The colony lost heart under its difficulties, and when Sir Francis Drake came their way in 1586, on his return from a successful cruise against the Spanish settlements, Ralph Lane, the governor, asked and obtained a passage home for himself and the other colonists. With him came two or three of the natives, and a sample of Tobacco. The precipitate desertion of the colony by Lane was most unfortunate. Had he waited a few days longer, he would have received new colonists with ample supplies, which Raleigh had sent out. He therefore underwent heavy reproach, and sunk out of notice, though heretofore a man of some distinction. There can be no doubt that King James alludes to him in the following passage of the *Counterblast*: 'It is not so long,' says he, 'since the first entry of this abuse amongst us here, as this age can well remember, both the first author and the form of the first introduction of it amongst us. It was neither brought in by king, great conqueror, nor learned doctor of physic. With the report of a great discovery for a conquest, some two or three savage men were brought in, together with a savage custom. But the pity is, the poor barbarous men died; but that that vile barbarous custom is yet alive, yea, in fresh vigour: so it seems a miracle to me how a custom springing from so vile a ground, and brought in by a father so generally hated, should be welcomed upon so slender a warrant.'—Ed. C. J.

forgetting that his occupation was as yet a secret, he presently called out to his servant for a cup of malt liquor. On entering the room, the man, instead of giving his master the beer, dashed it violently into his face, and rushed down stairs to alarm the family with the dreadful news that Sir Walter's head was on fire, and the smoke pouring out of his mouth and nostrils.

Since its introduction into civilised society, tobacco has had to encounter many enemies, among kings, popes, and populace; and, judging from the late attacks in the *Lancet*, its persecution has not by any means ceased in the present day. James I., the British Solomon, as he was called, in his celebrated *Counterblast*, written in 1616, characterises the practice of smoking as 'a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomlesse.' The expense of smoking in those days may be imagined from the fact mentioned by Aubrey, that tobacco 'was sold then for its wayte in silver.' 'I have heard,' he says, 'some of our old yeomen neighbours say that when they went to Malmesbury or Chippenham, they culled their biggest shillings to lay in the scales against the tobacco.' The royal reformer also states in his *Miscopopus* that 'some of the gentry bestow three, and some four hundred pounds a yeere upon this precious stinke.'

In its pulverised form, the unfortunate plant has been thundered against from the Vatican. In 1624, Pope Urban VIII. published a decree of excommunication against all who took snuff in church. Ten years afterwards, Russians convicted of smoking tobacco had their noses cut off. In Transylvania, the penalty for growing it was total confiscation of property; and for smoking it, a fine not exceeding 200 florins. In 1719, the senate of Strasbourg prohibited the cultivation of tobacco, for fear it should diminish the growth of corn; and Amurath, fourth king of Persia, made smoking a capital offence. They managed these things better in France: instead of cutting off people's heads and noses, the government put its hand into their pockets. A heavy duty was imposed on tobacco, and its cultivation converted into a monopoly. The consequence of this manœuvre is, that last year our friends across the Channel paid into the coffers of the state, for the enjoyment of their narcotic, somewhere about £5,000,000 sterling. We are mulcted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to much the same amount. In the United Kingdom, in 1853, the consumption of tobacco was nearly 30,000,000 pounds, and the duty paid £4,751,760. In Hamburg, 40,000 cigars are consumed daily, the number of adult males in the population not amounting to 45,000. The average consumption for the whole human race—about 1,000,000,000—is said to be 70 ounces a head; the total quantity smoked being 2,000,000 tons, or 4,480,000,000 pounds!

America is the great tobacco-garden of the world, although great quantities are grown both in India and Europe. The choicest specimens are found in the island of Cuba, which is said to be the jewel of the Spanish crown—the fragrant Havana cigar being absolutely necessary to propel the blue blood of her gentility. Manilla tobacco is produced in the Philippine Islands, and Latakia in Syria. Tobacco was once extensively grown in Ireland and Yorkshire; and it is the opinion of Mr Steinmetz, that if it were not forbidden by law, its cultivation in this country would, with the aid of science in the matter of manure, prove a good speculation.

In America, the seed is sown in a hotbed about the beginning of March. In May, the transplanting begins, each plant being allowed the space of three square feet to expand in. Tobacco, in its early stages, has many enemies, in the shape of frost, insects, and caterpillars;

and instances have occurred in which three successive transplantings in one year have been ruined by one or other of these causes. After the third failure, the French usually despair, and plant hemp to lessen their loss; but the tobacco-grower has the consolation of knowing, that one successful season out of three pays. In September, the crop is gathered, and the leaves are hung up in covered sheds for six or seven weeks till perfectly dry and withered. In this state, tobacco is almost without smell, its peculiar aroma being produced by fermentation, for which purpose it is collected in heaps on the floor, and carefully covered with blankets for thirty-six hours or more, according to the state of the atmosphere. It is then pressed into hogheads with a powerful lever, which pressure has the effect of distributing the oil uniformly throughout the mass; and in this state it makes its appearance in the London Docks.

Here it remains in bond till the duty is paid, when any part that is found to be damaged is cut off, and burnt in a huge kiln, called the Queen's Pipe. For its distribution, there are, in the first place, in London twelve wholesale tobacco-merchants, or brokers, to whom it is consigned; ninety manufacturers, who convert it into cigars, snuff, and the various sorts of tobacco for the pipe; and more than 1500 tobacconists, or general dealers. There are, besides, eighty-two clay-pipe makers. Mr Steinmetz calculates that 7380 individuals in the metropolis are employed in preparing tobacco for the mouths and olfactories of its population. The cigar-makers are paid at the rate of so much per hundred; and a good workman can easily earn £2, 10s. a week. In Hamburg, the manufacture is the most important branch of its trade; and 150,000,000 cigars are turned out every year. It gives employment to 10,000 persons; and a printing-press, with a numerous staff, is exclusively occupied in printing the necessary labels for boxes and packets.

Having traced the plant from the hotbed to the dock, let us follow it now to its eventual destination—the mouth of the smoker.

We will begin with cigars. On the tobacco being turned out of the hoghead, it is first damped, to make it pliable, and then sorted. The least likely-looking leaves are called *fillers*, and form the main body of the cigar; the second best go by the name of *bunch-wrappers*, and constitute rough envelopes for the fillers; and the finest, or *outsides*, are intended to catch the eye of the customer. The actual manufacture occupies but a few seconds.

After having been sorted, the leaves are deprived of their stalks by the *stripper*, and handed by him to the maker. That functionary picks out a bunch-wrapper, and cuts it into a form something like the stripe of a balloon; in this he rolls a quantity of filler, thus producing a rather disreputable-looking cigar; it is then cut to the required length; and, finally, he gives it an attractive appearance, by wrapping it neatly up in an unblemished outside, and fastening the tip-end with paste coloured with chicory, to keep everything in its place. A drying-stove completes the operation.

Most of the tobacco for the pipe is cut into shreds by machinery. *Slag* derives its name from its rough and bushy appearance; *bird's-eye* is so called because small portions of stalk are mixed with it, which bear a fancied resemblance to the eyes of birds; *oronoko* is a namesake of the American river; *canaster* was originally the name given in America to the baskets of rushes in which the tobacco was packed for exportation; and *pigtail* owes its appellation to its supposed likeness to the caudal appendage of the unclean animal. Its other varieties are like the advantages in an auctioneer's advertisement, 'too numerous to mention.'

In the manufacture of snuff, the stalks of tobacco are used as well as the leaves. The *Scotch* article is

composed almost entirely of the former, while the latter predominates in *rapées* and the darker varieties. *Prince's-mixture*, and the whole of the 'fancy snuffs,' are scented to suit the taste of the customer. All great inventions are the result of accident. Newton discovered the law of gravitation by an apple tumbling on his head; the delicious flavour of roast pork was first made known to the world by a peasant whose piglet had been burned down; and the peculiar and scorched odour of the celebrated *lundyfoot* snuff is said to be owing to the negligence of an individual who, like King Alfred, forgot to 'turn' the batch that had been entrusted to his care. Good sometimes springs from evil: the man got drunk, and made his master's fortune.

Before the tobacco is ground into snuff, it undergoes a process of *curing*—like bacon—which consists in its being moistened with salted water and other preparations. This mixture is called *sauce*, and each manufacturer has his own peculiar condiment, upon which the flavour of his snuff materially depends. After having been sprinkled with sauce, the material is heaped into a bin, where much of the essential oil of the tobacco is got rid of by heat and fermentation. It is then turned out and suffered to cool, when it is sent to the mills to be ground under heavy stones. Foreigners improve on this custom by cutting it into grain with machinery, or rasping it with a circular file, thereby avoiding the excessive friction which deteriorates English snuff, and interferes with its flavour.

Madame Pfeiffer relates that in Northern Sweden snuff is put into the mouth. In Iceland, it is applied to its legitimate receptacle, but in an extraordinary manner: 'Most of the peasants, and even many of the priests, have no proper snuff-box, but only a box made of bone, and shaped like a powder-flask. When they take snuff, they throw back the head, insert the point of the flask in the nose, and shake a dose of snuff into it. They then, with the greatest amiability, offer it to their neighbour; he to his; and so it goes round till it reaches its owner again.'

The practice of taking snuff is said to have been introduced into this country from France after the Restoration; but the custom did not originate with tobacco, as snuff is known to have been previously manufactured with herbs. In the matter of adulteration, the smoker has a decided advantage over the snuffer, as, out of forty samples of cut-tobacco examined by Dr Hassall, not one was found to be mixed with any foreign leaf or deleterious compound; whereas, in many of the nose-titillating 'mixtures' submitted to his inspection, he found a number of oxides, chromates, and bichromates that had no business there, including iron, red lead, amber, potash, and a substance that looked like powdered glass! The only adulteration of tobacco for smoking consisted in salt, water, and sugar—the two first being actually necessary in its manufacture, and the last being beneficial to the human frame, as smoking tends to diminish the saccharine constituents in the blood. The ingenious compositions vended at races and fairs by itinerant tobaccoists (?), who offer misguided youths 'a cigar and a light for a penny,' are of course made up of hay and coloured paper. As a general rule, however, tobacco, next to eggs, is one of the least adulterated articles of consumption we can boast of in these terribly fast-going days.

More than half of the learned counsel's work is devoted to the 'Influence of Tobacco on the Human System,' a subject on which I have neither space nor inclination to enter. There are one or two points, however, in his argument which I shall briefly notice. Mr Steinmetz, with laudable impartiality, exhibits a chemical analysis by Professor Johnson, that appears calculated to put an immediate end to smoking. It seems that when the leaves of tobacco are mixed with

water, and submitted to distillation, a volatile oil is produced, which, when applied to the nose, occasions sneezing, and when taken internally, gives rise to giddiness, nausea, and an inclination to vomit. When tobacco-leaves are infused in water made slightly sour by sulphuric acid, and the infusion is subsequently distilled with quicklime, a volatile, oily, colourless liquid, named *nicotin*, is produced, a single drop of which is sufficient to kill a dog. But besides these two volatile substances which exist ready formed in the tobacco-leaf, another substance, also of an oily nature, is produced when tobacco is distilled, alone, in a retort, or burned, as we do it, in a pipe. One drop of this applied to the tongue of a cat brought on convulsions, and in two minutes occasioned death. Of the truth of this analysis, which extends to a couple of pages, there can be no manner of doubt. Mr Steinmetz admits it himself, and acknowledges the correctness of the theory that may be founded upon it—namely, that if tobacco contains such poisonous elements, smoking must necessarily be injurious; but he asserts that, like many other theories, it breaks down utterly when applied to practice; in proof of which, he consoles his smoking readers by assuring them that he finished two cigars while transcribing the analysis.

Apocryphal theories, this tobacco-loving barrister, while endeavouring to explain, with a profusion of jaw-breaking anatomical terms, the *modus operandi* of smoking, takes the opportunity, under cover of a cloud of such words as *pneumogastric*, *medulla oblongata*, *stylo-pharyngeus*, and the like, to start a theory of his own, from which, on national as well as personal grounds, I dissent *in toto*. Mr Steinmetz, who no doubt is possessed of an enormous proboscis, has the audacity to say:

'The larger the surface of the mucous membrane of the nose, the greater the activity of the intellect, or the anterior lobe of the brain; and without a well-developed nasal organ, there never was a well-developed intellect. The nose of genius in every age has been conspicuous, in every sphere of its numerous manifestations.'

This may be a very pleasant doctrine for men who, like Mr Steinmetz, have noses as large as pump-handles; but enjoying, as I do individually, a small but extremely useful olfactory organ, I beg to come forward on my own behalf, and that of the ordinary-nosed portion of the community in general, and offer an indignant protest against so monstrous a proposition.

I have not said anything in the course of this paper on the subject of *chewing*; but as this extremely unpleasant custom cannot with propriety be excluded from an article on the subject of tobacco, I shall conclude with an anecdote shewing that the habit, dirty though it be, is not unattended with advantages. Commodore Wilkes, of the Exploring Expedition, learned, in the course of a conversation with an intelligent savage of the Feejee Islands, that, on one occasion, a vessel, the hull of which was still visible on the beach, had come ashore in a storm, and that all the crew had fallen into the hands of the islanders.

'And what did you do with them?' asked Wilkes anxiously.

'Killed 'em all,' answered the savage.

'What did you do with them after you had killed them?'

'Eat 'em—good,' returned the anthropophagous, grinning at the remembrance of the horrible feast.

'Did you eat them all?' asked the commodore, feeling exceedingly unwell.

'Yes, we eat all but one.'

'And why 'didn't you eat him?' inquired the explorer, whose curiosity got the better of his horror.

'Cos he taste too much like tobacco. Couldn't eat him no how!'

There is no doubt that the individual who proved such a posthumous puzzle to the Feejee *gourmands*, owed his exemption from the fate of his comrades entirely to his partiality for pigtail. Enjoyers of the 'quid,' therefore, have the satisfaction of knowing that the juices of their favourite weed so completely saturate the tissues of their bodies, that, in case of shipwreck, they need be under no apprehension of ever being served up at a New-Zealand dinner-party.

IMPORTANT EMIGRATION ENTERPRISE.

We see by the *European*, New York paper, that at Albany they are organising a new association, called the *American Emigrant Aid and Homestead Company*, the objects of which are worthy of being made widely public. Hitherto, emigrants for the most part have betaken themselves to the wilderness, family by family, to spend their lives there, cut off from the comforts and conveniences of civilised life, and to die before they are overtaken by the humanising influences of society. It is the object of the company to reorganise emigration entirely: to tempt *bands* of adventurers, composed, if possible, of acquaintances and neighbours, to make the enterprise together, and thus bring society and its amenities with them into the wild, and provide themselves with a ready-made market for the produce of their industry. Such communities are to be composed of persons representing the social and industrial interests the colonists have been accustomed to at home: the clergyman, the schoolmaster, the artificer, the labourers of every kind—all are to be assembled for the general good; and thus the mere fact of their settling in a village will convert the before almost worthless land of the colonists into valuable property. The part the company are to play in this project is to furnish the capital; to purchase land cheaply, because in large quantities, and with cash; to erect the grist-mill, the saw-mill, &c., and generally make all necessary or attractive improvements; then sell allotments to the colonists, reserving, like the government, a section here and there for themselves. We lately printed a little article called *Emigration made Easy* (alluding to the through-ticket system of the great Canada Railway), but the scheme to which we now bespeak our readers' attention is *Emigration made pleasant and profitable*—emigration by which the adventurer forfeits none of his usual moral and intellectual privileges, and finds himself the master of profitable land by the mere fact of taking possession. All this, however, let it be said, is something in the future. These sanguine dreams can be realised only by talent, energy, and unflinching integrity on the part of the company.

PHILANTHROPY IN WINE.

The vine-disease has injured so much the production of wine in Portugal, that last year's vintage, as we learn from Ridley & Co.'s monthly circular, was virtually lost for commercial purposes, only 4000 pipes having been made. This state of things has given rise to a curious project, half-philanthropy, half-business speculation. Baron de Forrester has offered to take the vineyards of a parish in the Douro under his protection, on terms so favourable to the vine-farmers, that at first sight one is apt to regard him as a Quixotic enthusiast in good works. He offers to be at the trouble and expense of applying certain remedies to the plants, without demanding any return for his capital and labour, unless the vintage should be more than double that of last year; and even then, to be satisfied with one-half of the grapes gathered above that double quantity, and to be at the cost of gathering them himself. Should the proprietor prefer paying the expenses himself, the baron undertakes to furnish him with the remedy at cost-price, and to manage personally the operations, for one-tenth part of the wine made in excess of double last year's produce. He likewise claims the preference in the purchase of whatever wine the proprietor may have to dispose of at the market-price. Notwithstanding all this liberality, it is said that the native farmers have no faith in the efficacy of sulphur, which is

probably the chief part of the proposed remedies; while the English intend applying the antidote with the greatest vigour. Messrs Ridley & Co. are of opinion that if Baron de Forrester's overtures are listened to by the parish he has addressed, it will be the means of conferring extensive *mutual* benefits.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

O THAT my death-day were as nigh
As is my marriage-morn!
I marvel such a thing as I
Should ever have been born,
To sell my youth, my hope, my truth;
To be—what most I scorn.

It seems such long, long years ago
I had a little sister;
They laid her in her coffin lone,
And I stood there and kissed her;
But till this hour with its stern power
I felt not how I missed her.

She might, with cool and gentle hand,
Have quenched this life-long fever—
This aching brow have softly fanned,
And, though my sins might grieve her,
What would not she have borne for me
Who is so still for ever!

O sister!—dead so long ago,
Thou of the spirit calm—
Wave! wave! above my burning brow,
But once thy shining palms,
And gently pour, my spirit o'er,
One drop of Heaven's own balm.

Sweet seraph! when we meet at last—
Thou, with thy radiant brow;
Mine, seared with records of the past,
And that forsaken vow—
This withered heart in shame would start
From aught as pure as thou.

Oh! the true hearts I might have filled,
Even to their inmost fold;
The loving spirits I have chilled
With haughty words and cold;
And now for wealth I sell myself,
A little glittering gold.

And more! O! more torment me not
With those reproachful eyes,
Shewing what might have been my lot—
Stars of the past, they rise—
Enough of care have I to bear,
Without such memories.

Alas! I feel 'tis vanity
To rail against my fate,
For God hath given high gifts to me,
To make me good and great;
But I have sold the peace of old
For a little worldly state.

No more!—from all these idle words
But little help I borrow;
Proud thoughts have fled like summer birds,
And left me to my sorrow,
And this grief-stained brow; but folly now
Would be a sin to-morrow. M. L. P.

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